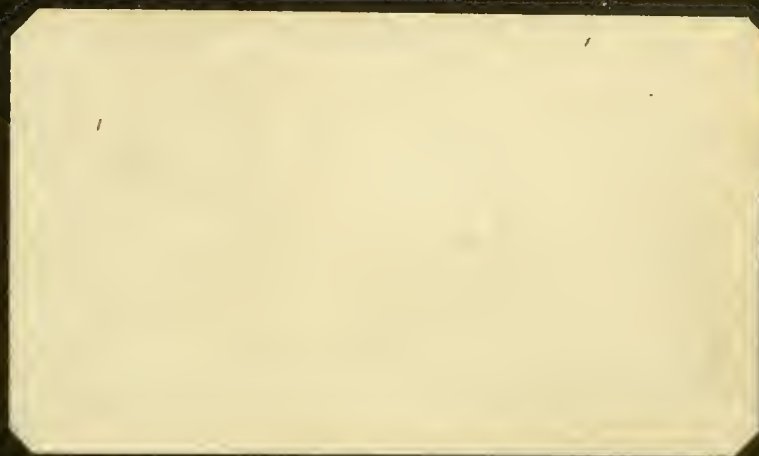


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Songs of the Birthdays

by
Ernest Warburton Shurtleff.

Illustrated by K.L. Comer



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SONGS OF THE BIRTHDAYS

REV. ERNEST WARBURTON SHURTLEFF

Illustrated by
KATHERINE L. CONNOR



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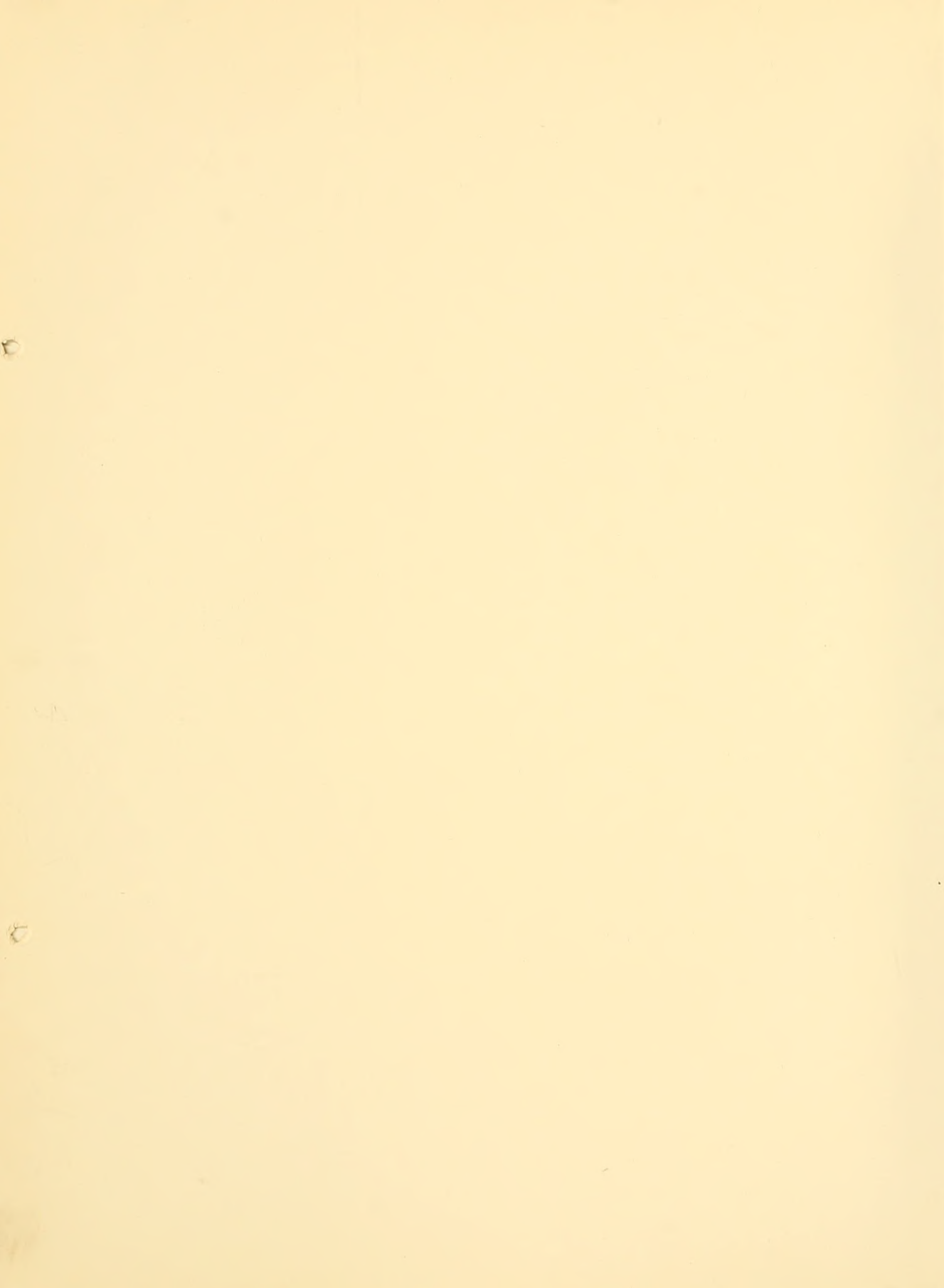
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“Monday's bairn is fair o' face ;
Tuesday's bairn is fu' of grace ;
Wednesday's bairn's a child of woe ;
Thursday's bairn has far to go ;
Friday's bairn is lovin' and givin' ;
Saturday's bairn must work for a livin' ;
But the bairn that's born on the Sabba' Day
Is wise, and bonny, and good, and gay.”

(Old Scotch Proverb.)



“MONDAY’S bairn is fair o’ face,”
Mouth like laughter’s nestling place;
Brow where golden tresses flow—
Sunshine on God’s purest snow!
Cheeks like peach-bloom, smiling eyes,
Stars of Childhood’s paradise.
Blest the home where she shall come—
Little living rose in bloom!



MONDAY'S BAIRN IS FAIR O' FACE.

“TUESDAY’S bairn is fu’ of grace,”
Blithe of heart and glad of face.
O’er life’s cares her feet shall spring
Light as swallows on the wing.
When storms come she’s like the grass,
Drops a courtesy as they pass.
Wind nor rain can bring her ill—
Merry little daffodil!



TUESDAY'S BAIRN IS FU' O' GRACE.

“WEDNESDAY’S bairn’s a child of woe”;
But she learns life’s solace so,
And beyond her early tears
She shall look on brighter years.
She shall learn by broken toys
How to mend life’s shattered joys.
Hope and trust shall dwell with her;
She shall be home’s comforter.



WEDNESDAY'S BAIRN'S A CHILD OF WOE.

•

“THURSDAY’S bairn has far to go”
Where life’s changing waters flow:
East, to learn how life’s fair dawn
Puts hope’s radiant colors on;
West, to learn how Trouble’s night
Stars the skies with faith’s pure light;
Towards the North, to learn of storm;
South, through all, to keep love warm.



THURSDAY'S BAIRN HAS FAR TO GO.

“FRIDAY’S bairn shall love and give”—
Sweetest life of all to live!
Pity in her heart shall bloom
E’en for creatures weak and dumb.
In her life the world shall see
Childhood’s dearest ministry.
Like a sunbeam is her birth,
Sent from heaven to bless the earth.



FRIDAY'S BAIRN IS LOVIN' AN' GIVIN'.

“SATURDAY’S bairn must work to live.”
Fortune her shall plenty give.
Little hands that busy keep
Shall the richest harvest reap.
Like the bee among the flowers
She shall spend the golden hours,
Till she feasts at last, at home,
From joy’s sweetest honey-comb.



SATURDAY'S BAIRN MUST WORK FOR A LIVIN'!

“But the bairn o’ the SABBA’ DAY,
Wise and bonny, good and gay”—
She shall come with many a charm—
Hope and rest and holy calm,
Bringing quiet everywhere,
Like the hush that follows prayer.
Like the day that hails her birth
She shall bring God’s peace to earth.



BUT THE BAIRN THAT IS BORN ON THE *SABBA'DAY* IS BLITHE AND BONNY AND GOOD AND GAY.

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